# Tons of Feels

*by*
BECKY ROSEN
ENGL 102
Spring 2012

*with notes by*
CHUCK SHURLEY

*edited by*
DEAN~~CAS~~LUVR92
DESTIELCOCKLESFAN5EVA

## FOREWORD

becky rosen aka samlicker81 is a pretty awesome writer & we have made every attempt to respect her opinions & keep our edits to a minimum, but sometimes she's just totally wrong. with that said tho this is still pretty good even tho it's all talking about wincest.

*— the editors*

This is not for you.

…No, seriously, this is not for you. Don't read it. Don't do it. Don't do this to yourself. This isn't worth your time. You would have been happier not knowing that this exists. Why would you ever want to know about fandom? Like – jesus, these people "ship" brothers together. Brothers! And they know they're brothers.

Fuck.

I still get nightmares. I wake up in cold sweats knowing that people like this are out there and that sometimes whole conventions of them just congregate in one place and – my skin crawls just thinking about it.

Brothers. The brothers that – that I created. And they write about them together. In a romantic relationship. In a sexual relationship.

Oh God.

I'm so tired. I can still remember the day when I – when this – abomination fell into my hands. I got up and put on my bathrobe – front still stained with last Saturday's hangover vomit (Jack Daniels is my best friend and there is no shame in that, none at all) – and went to the mailbox for the first time in two weeks because I figured I should check if the electricity bill had come in yet.

It hadn't. There was just a Target catalog, April's issue of Maxim, a couple of postcards from local politicians running for some local position that no one gives two shits about, and a hand-addressed envelope.

Hand-addressed to me.

Who even writes letters anymore? Everyone's hooked up to their computers and it's all e-mail, all the time, if people can even manage that. And yet here's this bulky envelope, addressed to yours truly in fat, round, bubble letters.

I wish I hadn't opened it.

And I didn't. Not right away, at least. First I made some breakfast – eggs and toast, with grease seeping through the paper plate – and then I sat down and watched a few episodes of whatever was on TV. Daytime soaps, mostly. (And reruns of The Golden Girls.) And then I lay down on the couch and napped until noon.

Writing is hard.

It wasn't until I'd hit my eighth writer's block of the day that I decided to open the letter. She'd managed to cram tons of pages into this one tiny envelope – I think it was something like ten, fifteen pages, typed and littered with notes.

Curiosity killed the cat, so they say. It's a cliché and good writing's not supposed to use clichés, but how can I even care about something like some stylistic writing rule now that I know that whatever I write becomes – transformed – into –

Fuck.

I should have known from just her handwriting. Should have just trusted my gut instinct. The way she wrote her As, the way she wrote her Is – the dots clustered just a little bit too close to the bars – the fact that her handwriting was almost exactly the same as my weird ex from sophomore year of college – warning signs. All of them.

I should have gone with my gut.

But I didn't. I opened the letter anyway. I pulled out all fifteen pages and I sat down to read every single one of them. Even while part of me was cringing, even while I hated myself more deeply with every additional word I read, I still did it.

I read it all.

An experience like that changes a man.

It destroys every carefully built notion of your work, your creation. About the artistry of your vision. That vision becomes twisted – morphed, changed, until you look at it and it's not even yours anymore. It's like part of you has been violated, like part of your integrity has been lost.

You lose control over your characters. You write about Dean Winchester bedding yet another pretty young lady, and all you can think about is how something like that becomes distorted into a gateway for Sam Winchester's jealousy and Dean and Sam arguing and then having hurt/comfort sex. You write about something as viscerally satisfying as killing a monster during a hunt, about how disgustingly glorious a violent act like that feels, and suddenly that adrenaline isn't just adrenaline pumping through their veins anymore; it's a bond they share, a high that they hit together, something that only the two of them can understand. And the rush of it becomes the kick for hot, passionate sex in a motel bed, and fuck if the neighbors hear. You write about the brothers talking about their dead parents and sharing their hurt, their pain, about Dean's reluctance in opening up to Sam, and suddenly it's not just brotherly anymore.

That love becomes something else.

You might try then, as I did, to find a drink with a proof so high it will blind you. Only no moonshine can blind you now. Even with all the drunken magic at the bottom of the bottle, your eyes will no longer linger on the beauty of your creation, but on the pit that has been opened around it. You'll only care about that dark world that the Internet hosts, and you'll think

about it for hours, for days, maybe even for years, trying to believe you're some kind of amazing, God-chosen genius, as if by contemplating it and acknowledging the Internet's existence you could actually keep it all at bay. It will get so bad that you'll be afraid to stop thinking about it; you'll be afraid to sleep.

Then, no matter where you are, in a crowded IHOP or walking home drunk on some desolate street or even in the dilapidated mess that is what you dare to call your own home, you'll watch yourself dismantle every assurance you ever lived by. You'll stand aside as that endless deplorable knowledge of blindfold_spn intrudes, tearing apart, piece by piece, any illusion you had of being an artistic visionary, of having any semblance of brilliance. And then, for better or worse, you'll be unable to resist, unable to fight the knowledge of the creature you truly are, unable to fight the knowledge of how utterly depraved creatures we all are, and how the anarchistic lawlessness of the Internet allows that depravity to fester, buried beneath the anonymity of a Livejournal username.

And then the nightmares will begin.

— Chuck Shurley
April 11, 2012
Somewhere in the Midwest

*Muss es sein?*

*Accidents don't just happen accidentally.*

— Dean Winchester

*Supernatural* by Carver Edlund is the latest hit in young adult fiction. It's basically a story about two brothers, only it's so much more than just that. It's got tons of things going on and explores a lot of really deep issues, like morality and death and, most importantly, love. This isn't just an essay that explores Sam Winchester and Dean Winchester as characters, although that's definitely part of it. This is an essay that goes beyond just that and shows how they're so totally in love. And not just brotherly love, either. It's deeper than just that. They *love* love each other, and it's totally canon. I'll prove it.

So in order to understand why the Winchester brothers are totally in love—and I'm going to be referring to that relationship as "Wincest" from now on, because that's the term we fans use for it; it's a portmanteau[1] for "Winchester" and "incest"—we have to understand where the two brothers are even coming from in the first place. Plus it's like way more tragic when you understand the two characters better.

So basically the entire series (so far![2]) is about how Sam and Dean are vessels for Michael and Lucifer, the angels. Angels can't just come to Earth in their true form because that would just kill everyone (it burns their eyes out and it's really gory and scary[3]), so in order to be

---

[1] this is just a really fancy way of saying "namesmash" — the editors

[2] "So far." She says it as if she has hope for more. And I guess I once thought this series would be immortal too — just this barreling juggernaut of a story with no real end. I mean, I kind of conceived it as a five-arc type deal, but people loved it so much, so I just had to keep pulling shit out of my ass.

Well.

No. That's a lie. I'm not just making this up. The sick thing is that it's true — all of it's true. When I say artistic vision, I mean real artistic vision. Visions. This isn't some story that I'm just pulling out of thin air; this is real people and real lives and I'm not just chronicling, but creating.

Controlling.

She says "so far!", almost like I have a choice as to whether or not I can continue.

There is no choice here. The visions haven't stopped.

I don't think they'll ever stop.

I'm going to be stuck writing this bull forever.

[3] Understatement. She doesn't understand. She'll never understand. Was it Faulkner that said that words are limited? That they never can convey the truth of your experience?

able to do all their angel business, they have to have a body, but not everyone can be an angel vessel, especially not for the archangels. So the Winchester brothers are vessels for the angels and everything kind of leads up to that. It's really complicated, so I won't explain it all here, but basically Sam and Dean have been targeted since their birth for this gigantic role.

The first story arc focuses on Sam being this demon boy—being part of Azazel (that's like one of the head demons) army of special children—and it's so tragic because like, all Sam ever wanted to be was normal. He ran away from Dean and home so he could pretend to have a normal life and go to college like a normal kid. I mean, everyone's special, but Sam just wanted to avoid that as much as possible, and who can even blame him, right? But the tragedy of it all is that Sam ended up being unable to avoid his fate, and the more he runs, it's like the more he fulfills this prophecy. It's totally like the tragedy of *Romeo and Juliet*, except it's more like *Romeo and Romeo*, and it's just the Winchesters. Okay, I guess it's not very *Romeo and Juliet.* But it's still like this struggle, right? And it's all just talking about this universal human struggle between free will and fate. So deep.

Anyway, so while Sam's life has just been about running away from Dean and from his father and from the memory of his mother (it's so tragic because while Dean has tons of memories of Mary, Sam only knows her through like this guilt of knowing that he's responsible for her death[4]), Dean's life has been all about Sam, and only Sam. Dean hasn't really known a time when it wasn't all about Sam and when his purpose in life was to protect Sam and to care for Sam[5]. And like some people call that behavior codependent and unhealthy, but I think it's really sweet in a way. Wouldn't you like to have someone who's that devoted to you and who cares about you that much? It's every girl's dream to have a Dean in her life. (I'm still totally a

---

Something like that. It's not like it's a unique concept. No doubt dozens of authors have expressed the same kind of lament. (Usually while drunk – Faulkner included. But that doesn't matter.)

But yeah, like I was saying. The words I use, the clever little turns of phrase that I employ, those can't capture the experience of seeing it all – literally – happening inside your head. I mean, imagination's one thing, but can you really, truly imagine what that's like? Hearing this unearthly screech that just pierces past your eardrums and rattles in your brain and stabs knives of sound right into your temporal cortex? Can you really imagine, in full detail, what it's like to watch someone's eyes burst from their head in flames? And I don't even bother to describe the smell, because how can anyone really describe smell; it's like burning meat at a barbecue where the chef's high and the everyone's drunk and it's all just a mess of a disaster, except even that metaphor doesn't describe the stink, the sickeningly sweet, cloying smell of it all –

Fuck. There goes my appetite.

[4] right in the feels omg why would you even say that #gross sobbing — the editors

[5] um excuse me ~~"because god commanded it. because we have work for you."~~ jeez like i know we bend canon & stuff but don't just ttly ignore something as big as this ok. — the editors

Sam girl though! But just because I'm a Sam girl doesn't mean that I don't appreciate Dean every now and then, you know?)

So story arcs one through three are all like setting up this really deep bond between Sam and Dean. Like, Dean *sells his soul to a demon and goes to hell* to save Sam and prevent him from dying. And just the level of devotion they have for each other is unreal. I mean, I have a little brother, but I wouldn't be all like Sam and Dean with him. Would you?

It's really hard to explain the level of devotion that they have to each other in the series. But like: their mother died a long time ago (when Sam was six months old to be exact), and their father's died, and sure they have Bobby, but he's not really the same kind of stable father figure and it's not like he's around all the time. (And now that the seventh arc is out—like, who knows what Bobby's status is? Is he alive? Dead? A ghost? We don't know. Either way, he's not there for the Winchesters.) They don't really have friends; I mean, Brady was like this friend that Sam was supposed to have in college, only that backfired and he was being possessed the whole time. So they're literally the only people in the world for each other[6]. They're like, each others' absolutes. They're the only things in this world that ground each other. Everyone else in their life has left or died or deserted them or disappeared (even the Impala![7]); they're the only ones that they can count on.

And it's not just devotion! They are like literally tied to each other and like *bonded* to each other. I mean, there's the matching tattoos, which is pretty hot. (They're like these anti-possession tattoos, so they have a practical use, but still.) But it's not just the tattoos. So, the way Heaven works in *Supernatural* is really different from the Heaven of any other piece of fiction. In *Supernatural*, when you go to Heaven, you're by yourself, and you're reliving your "greatest hits". It's strictly one person, one heaven, but there's an exception: if you're soulmates, then you share a heaven.

And Sam and Dean share heavens!

Seriously, let's sit down and really think about that. I mean, okay, *Dark Side of the Moon* in its entirety was a really fantastic book. It's like one of my favorites in the series. But like, only soulmates share heavens, and Sam and Dean share one; they are *canonical soulmates*! Sure, Ash can travel between heavens, but he's not *sharing* one with anyone. He can bring people in and out, but that doesn't mean they were there to begin with, which is the case with the Winchesters.

Seriously. I don't think I need more evidence to back up how legit Wincest is, but there *is* more evidence, so I'm going to just go right on ahead.

Okay so, in the book *Point of No Return*, Zachariah (an angel) is sitting and talking to Adam about the Winchesters. And he tells Adam the following (this is a totally 100% legit *real quote* from the book! It's on page 127; you can check it out for yourself! Emphasis is my own, but it's still totally there in the original):

> "So you know you can't trust them, right?" Zachariah said, smirking. "You know Sam and Dean Winchester are psychotically, irrationally, ***erotically codependent***[8] on each other, right?"

---

[6] excuse me what about ~~cas~~ hellooooooo — the editors

[7] omg no #baby come back — the editors

[8] It was a joke. Oh my God. Please. Please. I thought I'd characterized Zachariah well enough for people to be able to

> "I don't know," Adam said, avoiding Zachariah's gaze. "They said a few things about you."
>
> "Really?" Zachariah snorted. "Trust me, kid, when the heat gets hot, they're not gonna give a flying crap about you. ***Hell, they'd rather save each other's sweet bacon than save the planet.***[9] They're not your family. Understand?"

But that's not even the most obvious piece of evidence. The crowning moment of Wincest has to be in *Swan Song*, which concludes the vessels arc. The whole story is basically how Wincest *saves the world.* Like, seriously. Wincest ends the apocalypse. The love the brothers have for each other is so strong that it stops the Apocalypse. I'm not even exaggerating—the beginning of the book talks about the Impala and about all the memories that Sam and Dean have that are associated with it. It seems sort of irrelevant (even if it's *so* cute and, oh my God, I could write a whole separate paper on the wee!chesters—that's for wee Winchesters, by the way), until you get to the end.

So, at the end, Sam says yes to being Lucifer's vessel as part of this giant plan to save the world, except Lucifer's stronger than him and takes control. Sam's pummeling Dean and it's all super intense, and you get to this point where you're sure Sam's going to kill Dean, except there's a glint of light that comes from inside the Impala. Sam sees this toy that's stuck in the door and then all of a sudden, he has all these memories of him and Dean—all this time they spent together, and all of the moments they shared—the hugs and the tiny gestures here and there and[10]

---

tell. Zachariah speaks in sarcasm and witticisms. Technically, he's the funniest in the garrison. I mean, doesn't change the fact that he scares me shitless, but still. Guy's got a sense of humor. Except apparently this was taken to be an endorsement of some sort and – no. It's just a logical extension of his hyperbole and exaggeration. And that's all.

But that's the problem with people who do textual analysis and textual criticism, isn't it? It's almost the same as this fanfic abomination. It's these people who sit around and have nothing better to do than to frump up their armchairs and pick apart every goddamn word of a piece of literature and look for fucking "subtext" and "themes" and "motifs" and what have you. Sometimes a cigar is just a fucking cigar, you know? A whale is just a whale is just a whale. And sometimes shit like this is just a fucking joke. But some people can't tell a joke even if it were to tap dance on their nose with a flashing neon sign that says "HEY, HEY, DON'T TAKE ME SERIOUSLY; I AM A J-O-K-E GODDAMMIT".

Fuck the critics. Fuck academia.

Fuck all this.

[9] IT WAS A FUCKING JOKE!!!

[10] yea we don't really know what happened here either, just run with it — the editors

ak;gjla;khgejfkasfj;askg;sdjfkal;sjf

ag;kjsdlfja;kghsl;dfjkla;jowahgnrevugf;

awriughsvdf;vjnsd;lf;

these

brothers

omfg

i’m sorry prof daniels but i just

cannot with my feels

#these brothers tho #these brothers #like #oh my god #like can we take a moment and just #talk about the samulet or something #like #it's not just a necklace #it's not just this talisman to find god #like that's cool and all #but it's more than just that #sam gives it to dean when he accepts that john isn't coming back for christmas #it's not just a gift #it's this transfer of trust #sam telling dean that john's not there for him #not in the way dean is #sam rejects the only other family member he has #and that if anything #this betrayal of loyalty to his father #that's the ultimate betrayal to a winchester #to take someone who you considered as family #and cut them out #and renounce them #but sam doesn't renounce his brother #only puts more faith in him #and like #omg #like can we talk about the end #ugh #all my feels #family #love #whatever it is #omg #whatever it is tho #what could it be beyond family #beyond love #it's not just brotherly love #it can't be #then it would just stop at family #maybe at love #but instead #there's something beyond that #something else that characterizes their relationship #and like #the

*Winchesters tho, I can't deal with them gdi; their love is so epic and so utterly beautiful and I can't even express my feelings in a coherent manner; they're more than brothers you guys*

aksljglsjgk;fkjladlkgjakl;sgjkal;sjwgnjea;kv;asd;kfjasl;fj;kafdlja
agkjlsjf;djfl;ajsdfajsd;fjnabjvihrf;ntpnddajdl;ftonsakl;djaskjgasfd
askljg;lakdjfiughuvn fbvahfhaeiwahfainvcsdlvm,cvnajfdkgjaoigj
weognavnv;fjk;ajf;lagakjfk;ljao;htef;ajsd;kljcn;kj;jotuhfgkjglasd
abnuhghvbnkafafeels;djsjwoitnvndfkljaflkhoirutdk;lfasdfaj3raoh
akldfjak;sljdf vnfadslf2984tufjiaje;havank;djfaeoitwoigha;djfsaf
ab;dkfjak;lthgaf;vjksdf;lasjgbnk;lkadjo;aeiuta;dfkflajl;dfjlafjlwo
gajkl;dsjoia;hthak;lfjf;jdtonsas;lkgja;kldfjakdjsfjagdks;uhigraakl
kasl;gjl;jeriheajf;kadjsf;jasn;kcmas;toeu;hglsgd;alkjdfl;asfjalfjas
awldksldontrowituagha;lhoiuwtorgouirjlkfjaljsdnjjaksutaoejfakl
alkdjf;alksjdfl;ajsdl;kfja;lsfj;lsdfja;sfjdla;j;lf;lkaas
afdsafasdfsafdiowgibjhanfvl;kadjsfl;jsdl;afj;falsja
otuweqtoiuwfjankvas;dfja;slfjwitioaugfoisjfknaslk
otiuoiwutakvnkdcj;xgkljgak;lsdjg;laltkaudsklfjsda
atuepwtpqngvdfn;cj;alkjltuoiewajfdl;fksnbkhaflqq
afdsafasdfsafdiowgibjhanfvl;kadjsfl;jsdl;afjkfalsja
otuweqtoiuwfjankvas;dfja;slfjwitioaugfoisjfknaslk
oalksgjlfalsjtiuoiwutak;havaank;djfaeoitwoigjfsaf
ablakjglfa;ow;dkfjak;lthgaf;vfjl;ftonsakl;djkjgasfd
fbvahfhaeiwahfaial;gl;dkfjk;anvcsdlvm,cvnfdkgjig
weoganavnv;fjk;ajf;lagakjfk;ljao;htef;ajsdajgtegf;j;djksf;kajsf;af
abnuhghvbnkafajsdal;djsjwoitnvndfkljafaghjlv;jkl; oihgrvaf;alfjk
akldfjak;sljdf vnfadslf2984tufjlakjs;lgjaoriv;lsdfklasjdfaljfwoiaje
weognavnv;fjk;ajf;lagakjfk;ljao;htef;ajsdfeelsa;kj;jotuhfgkjglasd
abnuhghvbnkafajsdal;djsjwoitnvndfkljaflkhoirutdk;lfasdfaj3raoh
akldfjak;sljdf vnfadslf2984tufjiaje;havank;djfaeoitwoigha;djfsaf
ab;dkfjak;lthgaf;vjksdf;lasjgbnk;lkadjo;aeiuta;dfkflajl;dfjlafjlwo
askljg;lakdjfiughuvn fbvahfhaeiwahfainvcsdlvm,cvnajfdkgjaoigj
weognavnv;fjk;ajf;lagakjfk;ljao;htef;ajsd;kljcn;kj;jotuhfgkjglasd
ab;dkfjak;lthgaf;vjksdf;lasjgbnk;lkadjo;aeiuta;dfkflajl;dfjlafjlwo
gajkl;dsjoia;hthak;lfjf;jdtonsas;lkgja;kldfjakdjsfjagdks;uhigraakl
kasl;gjl;jeriheajf;kadjsf;jasn;kcmasabn woitnvndfkljafaghjlv;jkl;
oihgrvaf;alfjkgoiranvl;bllkfaksogha;lbjkl;lskdfja;g;ribnvldfjkl;as
akldfjak;sljdf vnfadslf2984tufjlakjs;lgjaoriv;lsdfklasjdfaljfwoiaje
weognavnv;fjk;ajf;lagakjfk;ljao;htef;ajsd;kljcn;kj;jotuhfgkjglasd
abnuhghvbnkafajsdalalkgjdlks;jgfl;kajsdlk;glkjrgiahbl;adfkljafls
akldfjak;sljdf vnfadslf2984tufjlakjs;lgjaoriv;lsdfklasjdfaljfwoiaje
ag;jlgjroiaehga;fj;sjk;lahgldfkja;hgkljdfk;lajsg;hklfljdkaslgljdfaa
aigjhahei;bahlkdhglkbnvslj;klhrgoa;dfjk;lajsfklajowiuetoqjfkasd
bnakljsdflajoteuwjg;ahblfjarwighvd;lffjaw;rgwf;dl;fjalskjfdafsds
oghrageif;akbndcm.x,gjalekjgoiwarhg;dfjkl,xstlkahetlfata;jtonsa
akgjhoiaeb;ldfkn;kxjsxhiorwgaih;ljafl;ksng;ahjotihgra;ifkasjfafs
orwiahtg;eblvnlkdsj;aorgh;gdlksjalsjkglakhgeafjksdfljasfjaoiwth
ah;lbjad;fkja;otiehagfl;jkda;ljfla;sjfa;lgjhalkshgalsjfcklastuafals
aslk;gfeelsuf;lasdlf;ahlgjakld;sfjadl;sfjaeitouwrjaglhsdkfjlsadfsd

one with the siren #sex and violence #I gave him what he needed #and it wasn't some bitch in a g-string #it was you!!! #all dean ever wanted from the siren was sam omg #seriously #also omg #sam clutching dean's face in playthings #ghostfacers #when they save sam #and they're both just staring only at each other #you guys #I just #cannot with all my feels!!! #how do I words #how do I deal with this #gross sobbing #wincest is my favorite #wincest is my total and utter favorite #I love them so mu-hu-huuuch #I ship it so ha-a-aaard #and omg #I haven't even started talking about soulless sam #or the leviathan arc #like #omg #I just #dean was so torn up over soulless sam #was it because he was torn up over this idea of sam's soul being tortured mercilessly by michael and lucifer #or was it that he couldn't bear to look at sam #and see nothing in those eyes #to see emptiness and no love staring back at him # omfg #you guys if I keep #if I keep talking about this I might just #fffffffffff #brb #dying #screaming #I HAVE TOO MANY FEELINGS #TONS AND TONS AND TONS OF FEELS #AHHHH #AHHHHHHHHHHHHH

*Sometimes I just think about the Winchesters and I just start crying with all my feelings about them; I cried more over Free to be You and Me than I did over my own breakup*

oihgrvaf;alfeelsiranvl;bllkfaksogha;lbjkl;lskdfja;g;ribnvldfjkl;as
akldfjak;sljdf vnfadslf2984tufjlakjs;lgjaoriv;lsdfklasjdfaljfwoiaje
weognavnv;fjk;ajf;lagakjfk;ljao;htef;ajsd;kljcn;kj;jotuhfgkjglasd
abnuhghvbnkafajsdalalkgjdlks;jgfl;kajsdlk;glkjrgiahbl;adfkljafls
akldfjak;sljdf vnfadslf2984tufjlakjs;lgjaoriv;lsdfklasjdfaljfwoiaje
ag;jlgjroiaehga;fj;sjk;lahgldfkja;hgkljdfk;lajsg;hklfljdkaslgljdfaa
abnuhghvbnkafajsdal;djsjwoitnvndfkljafaghjlv;jkl; oihgrvaf;alfjk
akldfjak;sljdf vnfadslf2984tufjlakjs;lgjaoriv;lsdfklasjdfaljfwoiaje
weognavnv;fjk;ajf;lagakjfk;ljao;htef;ajsd;kljcn;kj;jotuhfgkjglasdj
abnuhghvbnkafajsdal;djsjwoitnvndfkljapuqaflkhoia
alkdjf;alksjdfl;ajsdl;kfja;lsfj;lsdfjalg;j;lf;lkaadarstas
afdsafasdfsafdiowgibjhanadwtfvl;kadjsfl;jsdl;alsjal
otuweqtoiuwfjankdienvas;dfja;slfjwitioaugfoisjslk;
otiuoiadiewutakvnkdcj;xgkljgak;lsdjg;laltkaudskaj
atuepwtatsipqngvdfn;cj;alkjltuoiewajfdl;fksnbjqqfq
afdsafasdfsafaieddiowgibjhanfvl;kadjsfl;jsdl;afjsjaj
otuweqtoiuwfjaidsaankvas;dfja;slfjwitioaugfoisjslk
oalksgienrrjlfalsjtiuoiwutak;havaank;djfaeoitwoiffx
klafjda;sdfjl;asjg;jla;gjh;jf;joireawgdks;lfjas;nbkldz
ajts;lkjfoiewga;ldfjal;kflaktyelafj;dfktonslajkdfasdf;ascadswuq;lq
alskjgkl;djsgklajrgo;lcjlfdk;ascadsfjsjgliwahgerg;lkdjflasjdflasfaf
kasl;gjl;jeriheajf;kadjsf;jasn;kcmasabn woitnvndfkljafaghjlv;jkl;
oihgrvaf;alfjkgoiranvl;bllkfaksogha;lbjkl;lskdfja;g;ribnvldfjkl;as
akldfjak;sljdf vnfadslf2984tufjlakjs;lgjaoriv;lsdfklasjdfaljfwoiaje
weognavnv;fjk;ajf;lagakjfk;ljao;htef;ajsd;kljcn;kj;jotuhfgkjglasd
weoganavnv;fjk;ajf;lagakjfk;ljao;htef;ajsdajgtegf;j;djksf;kajsf;af
abnuhghvbnkafajsdal;djsjwoitnvndfkljafaghjlv;jkl; oihgrvaf;alfjk
akldfjak;sljdf vnfadslf2984tufjlakjs;lgjaoriv;lsdfklasjdfaljfwoiaje
weognavnv;fjk;ajf;lagakjfk;ljao;htef;ajsd;kljcn;kj;jotuhfgkjglasd
abnuhghvbnkafajsdal;djsjwoitnvndfkljaflkhofeelsadlfasdfaj3raoh
gajkl;dsjoia;hthak;lfjf;jdtonsas;lkgja;kldfjakdjsfjagdks;uhigraakl
kasl;gjl;jeriheajf;kadjsf;jasn;kcmasabn woitnvndfkljafaghjlv;jkl;
oihgrvaf;alfjkgoiranvl;bllkfaksogha;lbjkl;lskdfja;g;ribnvldfjkl;as
akldfjak;sljdf vnfadslf2984tufjlakjs;lgjaoriv;lsdfklasjdfaljfwoiaje
weognavnv;fjk;ajf;lagakjfk;ljao;htef;ajsd;kljcn;kj;jotuhfgkjglasd
askljg;lakdjfiughuvn fbvahfhaeiwahfainvcsdlvm,cvnajfdkgjaoigj
weognavnv;fjk;ajf;lagakjfk;ljao;htef;ajsd;kljcn;kj;jotuhfgkjglasd
abnuhghvbnkafajsdal;djsjwoitnvndfkljaflkhoirutdk;lfasdfaj3raoh
akldfjak;sljdf vnfadslf2984tufjiaje;havank;djfaeoitwoigha;djfsaf
ab;dkfjak;lthgaf;vjksdf;lasjgbnk;lkadjo;aeiuta;dfkflajl;dfjlafjlwo
akldfjak;sljdf vnfadslf2984tufjlakjs;lgjaoriv;lsdfklasjdfaljfwoiaje
ag;jlgjroiaehga;fj;sjk;lahgldfkja;hgkljdfk;lajsg;hklfljdkaslgljdfaa
aigjhahei;bahlkdhglkbnvslj;klhrgoa;dfjk;lajsfklajowiuetoqjfkasd
bnakljsdflajoteuwjg;ahblfjarwighvd;lffjaw;rgwf;dl;fjalskjfdafsds
oghrageif;akbndcm.x,gjalekjgoiwarhg;dfjkl,xstlkahetlfata;jtonsa
tiawg;wrjfl;kgkljdkglsdflk;jaotihgal;vjdkfl;adsklfjalstaefoijsdflak

aakjg;dslfja;ghjagrih;kjaf;jfk;jds;glsdfjiogevd;kljf;ldjsa;mc
ksa;jk;lfjrhiogr;jas;kdfj;asdlgliejafgha;arranrgiuhadkjadfwo
gjw;klmn,ans,gioardfj;kja;slkfja;slfjsla;fasa;fjalkiugncakds;
lfjal;dsfjakljewwiorgjawghcamsk;ldjfk;ajf;lajkeowifjaeojf;k
dsafjas;fjlalsdsgahrofeiojsdk;lfjjavmca;ksda;kfjoa;wigj;akfj
kadl;fjalsjdfal;ak;s;lgkjafjal;jioerhglsfa;j;asdlfjmcak;sfwoig
hak;lj;cmka;dswoghakjflka;sjfkld;afjal;sfjihgarklja;sfkjdals
jfa;sdfjagkhsdkljfa;arhgarjasf;jksalkfjda;kjfl;jsalfjd;alfj;adf;
dsfjakljewwiorgjawghcamsk;ldjfk;ajf;lajkeowifjaeojf;kdsaf
jas;fjlalsdsgahrofeiojsdk;lfjjavmca kjaf;jfk;jds;glsdfjiogevd

Sam shivered as he leaned against the splintered wooden wall of the barn. His shoulder ached from his fight with the demon spawn Mar-Delok and his clothes were soaked from the cold rain which fell outside. He let the knife fall into the dust and turned to his brother.

Dean was shaken up. His chest was heaving with exertion and his shredded shirt was barely clinging to his muscular frame. Sam could see he was hurt.

“Hey. Are you ok?” Sam stepped closer and put his arms around Dean. “We’re going to get out of this, they can’t keep us here long.”

The brothers huddled together in the dark as the sound of the rain drumming on the roof eased their fears of pursuit. Despite the cold outside and the demons who, even now, must be approaching, the warmth of their embrace comforted them.

And then Sam
caressed Dean's
clavicle.

“This is
wrong,” said
Dean.

“Then I
don’t
want to
be
right,”

replied
Sam,

in a
husky
voice.

…

g

o

d

d

a

m

m

i

t

W

i

n

c

e

s

t

…

In conclusion, Wincest is the best ship, and the Winchesters are totally in love.[11]

[11] false. just wait until we finish our essay for engl 216 (tv & film analysis). dean/~~cas~~ 5eva — the editors

**Bibliography**

Edlund, Carver. *Supernatural.* 144 volumes.[12] Vancouver: CW Publishing Ltd. 2005–present.
Livejournal. <http://livejournal.com/>.
Salmon, Catherine and Don Symons. "Slash Fiction and Human Mating Psychology." *The Journal of Sex Research* 41.1 (2004): 94–100. Web. <http://www.jstor.org/stable/3813407>.
Tumblr. <http://tumblr.com/>.

---

[12] 144 volumes? Really? Is this what my life has become? I can still remember when I was fifteen and thought I was some visionary. I thought I was the next Daniel Foster Wallace. Or the next Jack Kerouac. Or Thomas Pynchon. I had all these amazing ideas for stories that would fucking change the world. Stories that would go down in the annals of literary history; stories that people would read as literary gospel. But instead – instead, I flunked out of my creative writing in program, and now here I am, chronicling this story that apparently serves as nothing but fodder for lonely women to masturbate to and write incestuous erotica about.

Is that really what my life has become? What my work has become? What the fuck does an artist's vision for his art even mean anymore, anyway?

The author is dead.*

The author is nothing.

Authorial intent means jack fucking shit now.

This isn't my voice anymore. These are my words, but they're not my words; everything I fucking say gets twisted and turned into some travesty. If I thought those original visions were bad, these are worse.

I haven't slept in days.

The author is dead.

A benevolent god wouldn't let something like this happen to me. A benevolent god wouldn't allow people to take my life and soul, my work, and twist it into this thing that no longer characterizes my experience, characterizes the Winchesters' experience.

The author is dead.

Fuck it.

God is dead.***

* Barthes, Roland. "La mort de l'auteur." Manteia 5 (1968). Web. <http://www.deathoftheauthor.com/>.**

** Look ma, I know how to cite bullshit that people spew and publish for more people to regurgitate. Only article that ever stuck with me after three semesters of English classes.

*** Nietzsche. A man after my own heart.

## Appendix A

*My favorite blindfold_spn[13] fill*

**Prompt:** omg I would rly love it if like sam & dean just finished with a hunt & now they're patching up each other's wounds and at first it's rly schmoopy & then it turns into something rougher (maybe bloodplay & spanking & bondage & bonus points if there's rimming) oh and dirty talk thx guys!!!

* * *

(hope u enjoy!!!)

This hunt took Sam and Dean to the middle of bumfuck nowhere. Like, *really* bumfuck nowhere. They were in Nevada, but they were hundreds of miles away from Las Vegas. The only thing around them was miles and miles and miles of desert. If they were in Las Vegas, at least they could go gambling and maybe Dean could pick up a hot girl. (Sam always gave Dean a really disapproving look, but if anything, that just egged Dean on more. He loved knowing that he could make Sam jealous. He knew that this was wrong and he shouldn't piss off Sam like that, but he got a strange sort of satisfaction from it. He couldn't explain exactly why. But he did it anyway because of that.)

The monster they hunted this time wasn't too hard to take down, but that didn't mean that they weren't injured in the process. Dean managed to get away with just a couple of scratches and a bloody lip, but Sam had a huge gash running up his arm. He winced when he rolled up the sleeve.

"Gonna have to disinfect that with fucktons of alcohol," Dean said as he leaned in and inspected the wound. "Looks pretty bad. It's gonna hurt like shit."

"Whatever," Sam said.

Dean got out the alcohol and the first-aid kit. Living on the road like this, with no one to count on but each other, they had to learn how to patch each other up, and they had to learn it fast. They couldn't rely on anyone else. Doctors would ask questions and sooner or later they'd probably end up arrested. So they had to just keep to themselves.

"You ready?" Dean said. "You need a pillow or something to hang on to?"

Sam rolled his eyes. "I'm fine. I'm not six, you know."

"You're always my little brother to me," Dean said. He took in a deep breath—but why would he be the one bracing himself? It wasn't like he was the one with the gash on his arm. Sam looked as calm as ever. Dean just knew that his heart was aching in a way that he never enjoyed. He let out a long breath, then flashed Sam a hesitant smile.

"Here goes."

He poured the alcohol over Sam's wound. Sam let out a yell, and Dean's heart skipped a beat. Sam grit his teeth and clenched his fist. Dean hated this just as much as he knew Sam hated it. But it was necessary.

Dean gave a last little shake of the alcohol and then set it on the bedside table. Sam's chest was heaving. Dean really hated seeing Sam like this. He could swear that there were tears

[13] FUCK FUCK FUCK WHY DID I GOOGLE THIS?

in Sam's eyes. Sam's lips were trembling, and before Dean knew what he was doing, he leaned in and cupped Sam's face in his hands.

"Shh," he whispered. "It's okay. It's over. Everything's all right. Everything's gonna be okay."

Sam gave a little nod. He gulped, but his eyes were still squeezed shut. Dean pressed his forehead against Sam's; their noses brushed against each other.

"Sammy."

Sam opened his eyes.

"Yeah?"

"It's going to be fine."

And then Dean leaned in and pressed his lips against Sam's. He didn't know why, and it wasn't like this was the first time either. This was just—it was just a natural extension of their comfort, right? There wasn't anything unusual about it[14].

Except this time—Sam clung to Dean's shirt, clung to his jeans and pulled him close, as if pleading for more. He gasped and kissed Dean harder. He ran his tongue along Dean's lips, and Dean shivered as Sam lapped at the little droplets of blood on his lips.

They kissed for a few moments longer, and then Dean broke away from Sam. They stared at each other, chests heaving. Dean's eyes were green and Sam's were more hazel, but the lust in both was obvious. Maybe once upon a time Dean would have cared more, but at this point, he knew that all he wanted was Sam. They pulled off their clothes in the blink of an eye.

Sam lay down and tugged Dean onto the bed; Dean fell on all fours above him. A tiny stream of blood ran down Sam's arm. Dean held Sam's hand in his—watched as he flexed his fingers and the blood streamed faster—and, seized by something, he leaned in and ran his tongue along Sam's arm, lapped up all that blood.[15] The leftover alcohol stung his tongue and the metallic taste of blood filled his mouth; Sam tipped his head back and sighed. And in that moment Dean thought of Sam and Ruby, and part of him felt disgusted even while he felt turned on. But Sam's little whimper, that encouragement to keep going, brushed all that out of his mind, replaced his jealousy with yearning.

"Come here," Sam said, and flipped Dean so that he was lying on his back. He edged down until he was between Dean's legs. He lapped at the base of Dean's hard cock[16], then nudged apart his ass cheeks and ran his tongue down to Dean's asshole. Dean shivered—this was new, and he wasn't sure if he liked it, but once Sam started licking, Dean forgot all hesitations. This felt so damn good[17].

"Naughty boy," Dean said in between gasps. He could feel Sam grin against him.

"What're you going to do about it?"

Something in Sam's voice shot through Dean's body. He pulled Sam up and shifted so that Sam was the one on all fours and Dean was on his knees behind him.

"Punish you for it," he said. He grinned. He grabbed his shirt and tied Sam's hands behind his back; Sam forward so that his face planted in the pillow and his ass was up high in the air. He spanked Sam's ass, and there was a certain sort of satisfaction in listening to Sam yelp and watching the way he wriggled.

---

[14] YES THERE IS!

[15] Who just does that?!

[16] WHAT

[17] POOP COMES OUT OF THERE!!! JESUS FUCKING CHRIST

"Please," Sam moaned.

"You dirty boy," Dean whispered. He ran his hand along Sam's ass and then lay another hard smack so that his entire backside glowed rosy red. "Call me Daddy[18]."

"Yes Daddy," Sam breathed. Dean was so hard. He [redacted][19]

[18] WHAT THE FUCK! THEY HAVE THE SAME DAD! AND HE'S DEAD!!!

[19] I'm sorry. Okay, no, I'm not. I tried to make it through the end of this, but I ended up vomiting all over the page. I tried cleaning it off, but the page was too ruined to make anything out.

Trust me, you're not missing much.

You sick fucks.

## Appendix B

*Just… just let me think about this for a bit okay?*

*A Softer World*
published April 11, 2012

April 16, 2012

Guilt. That's what gets to me, in the end.

It's not so much that I'm horrified at the content. I'm not some kind of prude. I've had my share of weird sexual exploits, and I have my share of kinks. I've done stupid shit in my time. I've read more depraved things: Story of O. Marquis de Sade.

And I have an Internet connection. Believe me, I've seen worse.

But the thing is — it's all fiction. All of that. It's made-up characters, or it's all people I don't give two shits about doing things that they all consented to anyway. Anonymous faces in a sea of more faces. I could care less. I'm not some guy who meddles in everyone's lives; I sit back and let them be.

But the Winchesters —

— I'm not just a writer.

I'm not just a prophet.

God is not dead.

I'm God.

The artistic integrity matters. Of course it matters. But that's not the crux of it; that's not the big deal. The big deal is that I have a hand in the Winchesters' lives. They're real people. I've met them; I've talked to them; I've worked alongside them. I care about them, and what I say or do, what I think and write, all this affects them.

I can't do this to them.

How am I supposed to face them now? How am I supposed to separate these stray thoughts from real thoughts? A snap of my fingers and a single urge and I can change the course of history, the course of their destiny. My thoughts become reality. And if I were to think of the Winchesters fucking, being intimate in the way brothers were never meant to be, being together in this way when they may not have even wanted to, when this might not even be the nature of their relationship, the way they love each other —

Stop.

Don't think about it.

Don't.

They've been through enough. I can't subject them to this too.

…

I need brain bleach.

*Gar nichts muss sein.*

*written by*
MILLIHELENIC

millihelenic@gmail.com
archiveofourown.org/users/millihelenic
twitter.com/sqiouyilu

*Last two paragraphs on pages 5–6 shamelessly adapted from House of Leaves.*
*Becky's fanfic on pages 20–28 shamelessly copied from Supernatural.*
*Any usernames resembling existing ones is entirely coincidental.*

*with contributions by*
SITERLAS (TWOSKELETONS)
ZEMPASUCHIL

*additional betaing and support by*
CALLOWYN
MORAGMACPHERSON